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Judge

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THE AMERICAN KLONDIKER.

Judge

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WITH A REFORMED TARIFF the currency reforms itself.

* * *

CECIL RHODES is censured, not because of the raid, but because he got whipped.

* * *

LONG ARTICLES telling what to do in hot weather have brought nervous prostration and death to many writers.

* * *

IF MR. WANAMAKER will arise by the dawn's early light he will find that the flag of Matthew Stanley Quay is still there.

* * *

IT MUST be consoling to persons who die because they think they have hydrophobia to learn from several authorities that there is no such disease.

* * *

THE DEATH by suicide of Barney Barnato and Mr. Creede has brought much thought to the Astors, the Vanderbilts, and a few others of us.

* * *

ROBBERS are holding up trolley-cars in Chicago; and we are willing to bet, such is the perversity of those man-killers, that not a trolley-robber will be killed in a thousand years.

* * *

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to frame a tariff that is fair to every individual, but any tariff that settles the tariff is a good tariff; and there ought to be no disturbance of it for forty years.

* * *

"HEREAFTER," said the kaiser irascibly when a flying rope blackened his eye, "this eye-blacking business will be confined to the common sailors. I have troubles enough of my own."

* * *

A MR. READE, who married Josie Mansfield, was divorced from that lady after a married life of a few months, and feels better. Nothing troubles him but insanity now.

* * *

IT IS SHOCKING, as the Bayards, the Reids and the Hays frequently intimate, to contemplate the shedding of the blood of our English cousins; but if that hadn't been done where should we be now?

* * *

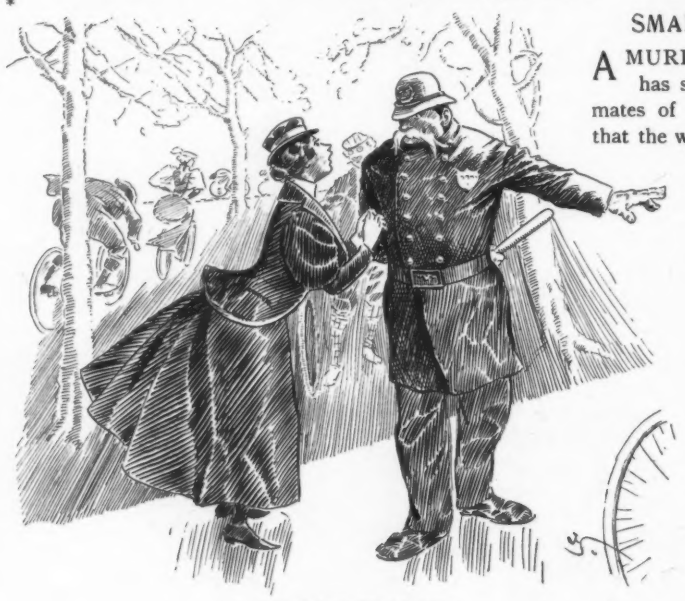
LET US NOT be too happy over the gold discoveries in Alaska. Perhaps John Bull will claim the gold territory; and again let us recall the vast number of grass-widows resulting from the California discoveries of 'forty-nine.

* * *

A LONDON PAPER has to pay a hundred and twenty-five dollars for libel to a music-hall singer for saying one of the singer's songs is vulgar. Well now, if the woman's songs are not vulgar how did she make all that money?

* * *

SOME MINISTERS of Milwaukee are said to have refused to perform the marriage ceremony for girls who wear bloomers. Perhaps, having gone that far, they will tell the girls just what they may be permitted to wear on those occasions.



A HAPPY THOUGHT.

FAIR BICYCLIST (*hysterically*)—"Oh, Mr. Officer, Mr. Officer! somebody has stolen my bicycle."

OFFICER—"Phwat koind av a lookin' boicycle wuz ut?"

FAIR BICYCLIST—"Why, it was a high-geared, hollow-axle, self-oiling, detachable tires, movable spoke-studs, double ball-bearings, and—oh, yes! now I come to think of it, my baby was attached to the handle-bars."

A FINE EXAMPLE.

PREMIER LAURIER of Canada in a speech at a London banquet said he disliked the word colony, as it seemed to indicate a sort of superiority on the part of the home country. The gentleman is right; and we beg to call his attention to the remedy adopted by these colonies something more than a hundred years ago.

TOO, TOO NUMEROUS.

ROBERT P. PORTER having said that in the year two thousand the population of this country will be about three hundred and eighty-six millions, we had better begin annexing other countries pretty quick in order to accommodate it. But Mr. Porter's figures seem extravagant. Isn't he inadvertently figuring up Republican majorities?

THE WHITNEY DINNER.

MR. WHITNEY is the more interested in the money question because he and the men who recently dined with him propose to own all the railroads of greater New York. With cheap money in vogue there wouldn't be bank-room sufficiently capacious to hold their profits. The dinner was had in behalf of gold and the biggest trust in the biggest town.

DEATH AS A REMEDY.

THE SUICIDE of Mr. Creede, Colorado millionaire, occurred because of the determination of his wife to live with him, though he had given her twenty thousand dollars to go away and let him alone. He was driven to despair, as have been so many other men, by the hopeless indifference of woman to the sacredness of a fair business contract. And yet they say that that sex ought to vote.

SMALL CRIME AND LARGE.

A MURDERESS in the Tombs of this city has set herself to work to reform the inmates of that establishment. She is shocked that the women prisoners smoke cigarettes and are careless as to their toilets; and she was very indignant when three young men threw as many quarters into her cell for the privilege of looking at her. Hers is a queer combination of delicacy and brutality. Let us hope that she will not go to the chair until she has turned her temporary abiding-place into a model institution.

WHITE SLAVES.

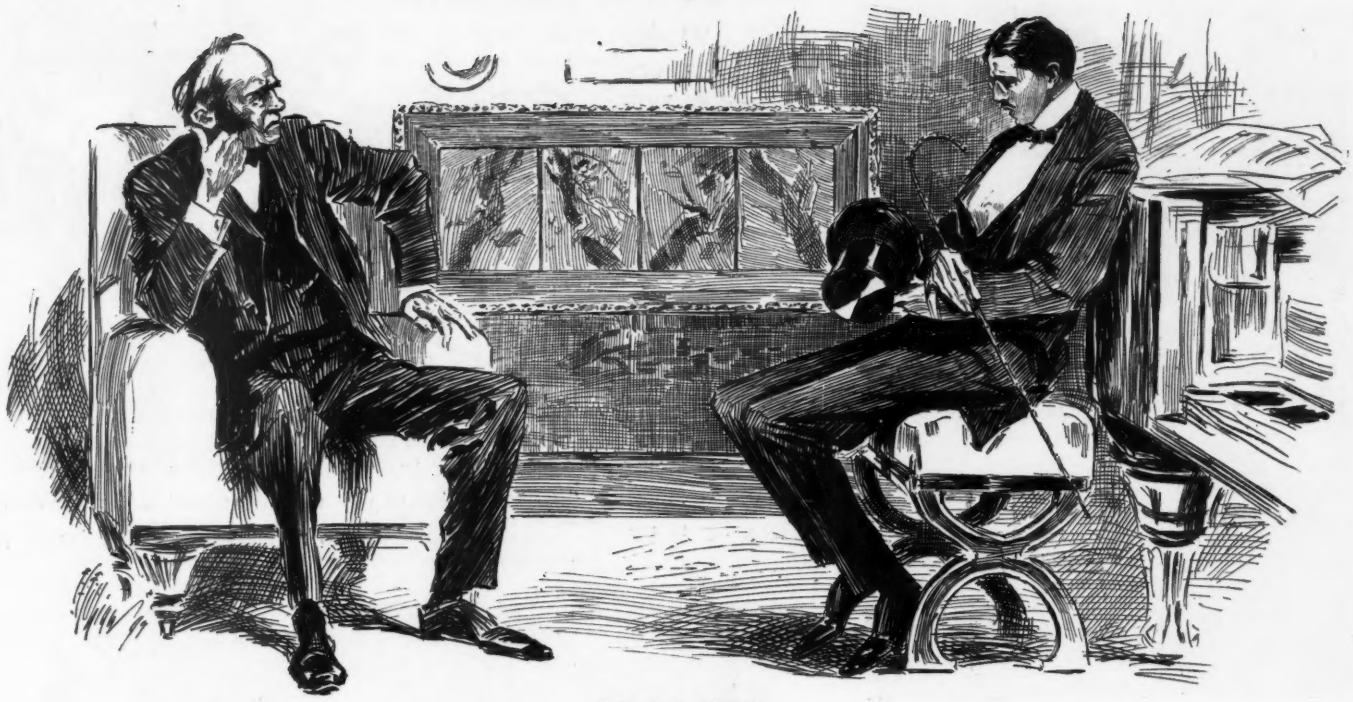
MINERS are obliged to patronize the stores of the companies they work for. The stores have no opposition, and therefore they make prices to suit themselves. They make wages in the same way; and it is said that at the end of the month miners find that they have made fifteen dollars and that they owe the store about twice that sum. Is it surprising that there are strikes? Can men reduced to that kind of slavery bring up their boys so that they may be intelligent enough to make good voters and good citizens?

A VICTORY FOR JUSTICE.

GOVERNOR BRADLEY in pardoning a black man who shot one of a mob that intended to lynch him, and who thus saved his home, and his wife and children from violence, did no more than fair justice; but the act was courageous nevertheless in view of the fact that the passions of white men were red-hot against the man and against the sympathy of those who believe in justice and fair play. But is it not curious that Kentuckians, who claim to be chivalrous and who are sensitive as to their personal honor, should be so brutal?

CANNIBALISM MERELY A PRINCIPLE.

A MR. BURNS, who has lived in Hawaii eighteen years, tells the Troy *Press* he would rather live there than anywhere else in the world. "Natives," says Mr. Burns, "never wantonly kill a man for the purpose of eating him, and have no natural craving for human flesh. But when they kill an enemy, somebody whom they believe has wronged them, they eat his body to show their superiority, precisely as an Indian takes a scalp. And in almost every case the victim is to blame." That puts a different face on what was supposed to be a very objectionable matter. These gentle people are not cannibals as a matter of appetite, but as a matter of principle and truly proper retaliation.



ONLY A HINT.

MR. GOTROX—"What would you expect me to do for my daughter if you married her?"
GEORGIE GOODTHING (*slightly embarrassed*)—"You—er—wouldn't be willing to die for her, would you?"

NINETY IN THE SHADE.

WHEN it's ninety in the shade,
And your friends are all pursuing
The devious paths of travel,
To their serious undoing,
Oh, give me just down cellar
With a glass of lemonade.
'Tis there you'll find real comfort
When it's ninety in the shade.

When it's ninety in the shade,
And all the soda-fountains
Are running opposition
To the seashore and the mountains,
Oh, give me just the trolley,
With the evening breeze to aid.
'Tis there you'll find real comfort
When it's ninety in the shade.

When it's ninety in the shade,
And foolish man is betting
On all the various races,
Perhaps to his regretting,
Oh, give me just a palm-leaf fan,
Still palmier by *her* made.
That's just the tip of comfort
When it's ninety in the shade.

LIBBY ADAMS-TURNER.

RUNNING NO RISKS.

BOY (*undressing*)—"Ain't yer a-goin' ter take yer clothes off afore yer go in?"
BOY (*dressed*)—"W'ot! an' git 'em stole?"

SHE FELT IT.

"JUST think of how fond the old lady is of going to a funeral, and how few there have been."

"I know it. It's gotten so now that whenever she meets a man over seventy she looks at him reproachfully."

ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT.

Teacher—"What is a pedestrian?"

Johnny Squanch—"A feller that gets run over by a bicycle, ma'am."

IT WAS TAKEN AWHEEL.

Mrs. Tenspot—"I am so glad that you are engaged to Harold Willoughby. Was it a long courtship?"

Miss Skidmore—"Not very. My cyclometer registered about seven hundred miles."

UNDIPLOMATIC CANDOR.

RAFFERTY (*to foreman*)—"Th' byes hov axed me to till yez thot they be goin' to shtroike fer an increase av twinty-foive cints per day."
FOREMAN—"And if I refuse?"
RAFFERTY—"Thin they be goin' to kape on shtroikin' fer the same wages as at prisint."

NOT HER BEST.

"WELL, what shall we play for?"
"Your heart," answered he.
She blushed, and consented.
A fine player she.

The game he won neatly,
Thus winning a wife;
But she played not her best,
On my life, on my life!

IONE L. JONES.

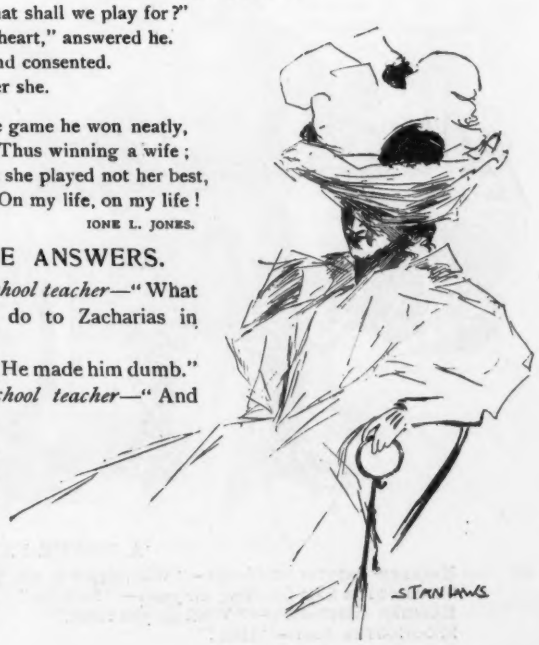
CONCISE ANSWERS.

Sunday-school teacher—"What did the angel do to Zacharias in the temple?"

Bertie—"He made him dumb."

Sunday-school teacher—"And when the prophecy was fulfilled, what happened to Zacharias?"

Bertie—"He was made undumb."



JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

?

Who is La Favorita? That's the question.
The glimpse of graceful contours that she shows
Just tantalizes with a half-suggestion
Of every pretty actress that one knows.
So, baffling fair one, shall your portrait be
To each admirer his one matchless She.

USING A WORD.

"MY CHILD, what made your face so dirty?"

"That Billy Bludkins an' I had a fight, an' he throwed more dirt in my face than I could digest, mamma."

THE RULER OF RULERS.

"I THOUGHT you said Smithson wanted to be elected exalted ruler?"

"So he did, but his wife told him he must give up going to the lodge."

MUTUAL CONFIDENCE.

CASEY—"Oi guarantee th' harse to be a good thraveler."

DOLAN—"An' Oi guarantee th' mule to be as gintle as a lamb. Is it a shwap?"

CASEY—"Shure, Oi want to presint th' mule to a nager that's an inimy av moine."

DOLAN—"An' Oi want to pit th' harse on rockers. Shure, it's a foine hobby-harse he'll make fer th' childer."

RURAL DEDUCTION.

UNCLE JOSH—"There's one thing sartin, 'Mandy; our base-ball-playin' son thet jined th' N' Yorks hain't lost his Podunk appertite!"

AUNT 'MANDY—"Haows thet?"

UNCLE JOSH—"W-a-a-l, th' paper sez heer thet he wuz cut short at th' home plate. Reckon th' cub was eatin' too much agin, b'gosh!"

UTILIZING THE WASTE.

DORKINS is an ingenious fellow. He is troubled a good deal with asthma, and he has rigged up a frame for holding a number of air-toys a short distance from his face, so that when he coughs and wheezes great delight is imparted to his entire family.

BEEN THERE BEFORE.

Barber (insinuatingly)—"Your hair wants cutting the worst way, sir."

Sourby (in the chair)—"That's the way you cut it the last time."

HOW THEY DID IT.

"PAPA," said Jamie, "rides horseback like a clothespin, an' mamma she rides like a picture on the wall."

A NEVER-FAILING CROP.

EASTERN CAPITALIST (*hotly*)—"Why, demn it, sir, you wrote me this was an agricultural community!"

SIX-SHOOTER SAM (*shifting his gun*)—"So it be."

EASTERN CAPITALIST—"What do you raise?"

SIX-SHOOTER SAM—"Hell!"

WHY.

IT WAS little Georgie Gumpp who wondered, when memory failed him during the history recitation, why "if history repeats itself—why—why don't it?"

HAY IN THE SUNSHINE.

JOHN HAY at the court of England,
Since the queen has so friendly grown,
May soon, like the angels he wrote of,
Be "loafing around the throne."

GEORGE E. DEVYR.

A COMMON PARADOX.

Little Elmer—"Pa, my teacher told me to write an example of a paradox, and I can't think of one. Will you help me?"

Professor Broadhead—"You might say that, although Mr. Tubman, who is trying to reduce his flesh by bicycling, is continually falling off, he does not seem to be growing any thinner."

RETRIBUTION.

THEY were the three prettiest girls at the resort, and they stood on the porch watching the new arrivals clambering down from the 'bus. During the unloading process the look of anxiety on the three faces deepened to one of disappointment, and as the last occupant alighted the belle in blue serge said with a sniff, "It's a horrid shame!"

"So it is," assented the damsel in the linen sailor-suit, settling her tie. "I don't know what mamma could have been thinking about to come here."

"Not a single young man among the whole lot," plaintively murmured the girl with the black velvet collar. "Oh, dear!"

"I thought Jack would surely be"—— began the blue serge sorrowfully, when a smothered shriek from the black velvet collar drowned the rest of the sentence.

"Oh, girls!" cried the black velvet collar excitedly, clasping her hands, "it's a man—on a wheel—there in that cloud of dust coming up the road! Whoopee!" (The black velvet collar hailed from the west and always waxed slangy under exciting circumstances.)

"It's Jack! it's Jack! He said he might come down on his bicycle," exclaimed the blue serge, gathering her skirts about her to descend the steps.

"Oh, how nice! Are you quite sure it is he?" chorused the others.

"Yes, indeed! I can always tell that gray suit and red golf-cap as far as I can see them."

"Be sure you introduce us, dear," cooed the linen sailor, giving her Panama hat a more coquettish tilt.

"Why, really, love, it's hardly worth while. He'll only be here this evening, and he never cares about meeting strangers. You won't mind, girls?"

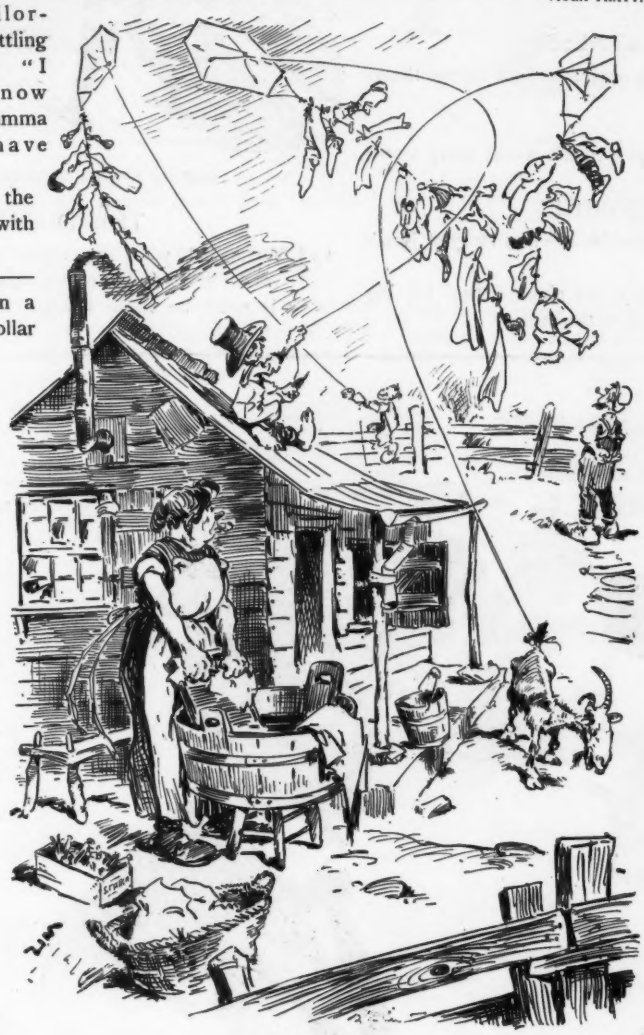
"Not at all," sweetly replied the black velvet collar. "I always did think it unpleasant to meet people not in one's set—so embarrassing afterward, sometimes;" while the linen sailor muttered, with her nose in the air, as the blue serge floated down the steps, "Horrid, selfish thing! Who wants to meet him, anyway? I'm sure he must be a fool, or he wouldn't come to see her."

There was a moment of suspense, and all eyes were fixed on the approaching wheelman; and then the linen sailor tittered and the black velvet collar said joyously, "Isn't it too good?"

The wheelman was a young woman in gray knickerbockers and scarlet cap. And that was why the blue serge swept up the stairs a few seconds later in scornful silence.

VIOLA PRATT.

A GOOD THING IN A PINCH.



SANITARY.

Kite clothes-drying device for avoiding the germs and microbes. High and dry above the city's tainted atmosphere.

OUTGROWN.

GOOD-BYE, old legs! The days are gone
When I might wander forth with thee
Down pleasant lane, o'er dewy lawn,
Sunset or rise of moon to see.
I ne'er will run with springing knees
What time I hear the dinner-bell,
Nor stretch thee out with blissful ease
When I have sauntered long and well.
Good-bye, old pegs.

Good-bye, old legs! Long years ago,
When "prunes and prism" ruled our whims,
Vulgar it was to call thee so—
We even blushed to call thee limbs.
But time's revenges come around
And right all things sometime, somehow;
Now lost to sight, as then to sound,
Thou wert not then, thou art not now.
Good-bye, old twigs.

Good-bye, old legs! Old limbs, adieu!
For buzzing trolley, flying wheel,
Have broke the tie 'twixt me and you
And rent thee from me, hip and heel
Shrink up, thou poor, untrousered things!
What boots it now what name you bear?
Small need of legs hath one with wings.
Go, join the tail I used to wear.
Good-bye, old legs.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

A CLASS DISTINCTION.

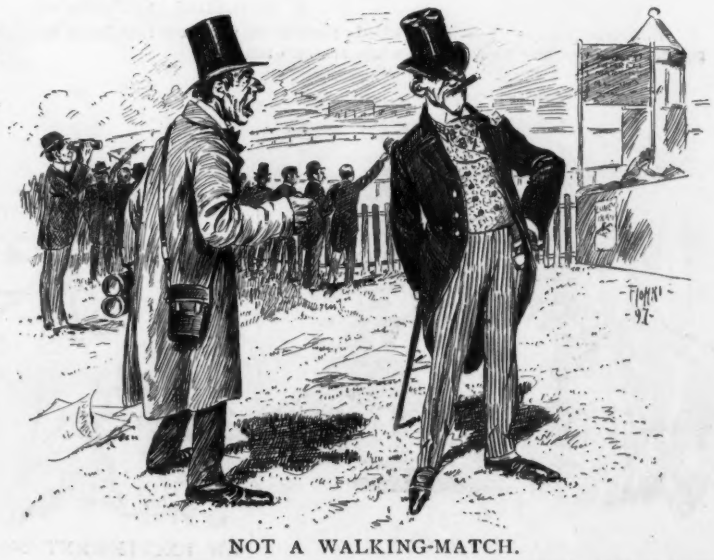
Frayed Francis—"De feller kicked me wid a hobnailed boot."

Highbred Hilary (proudly)—"Mine wore patent-leather shoes."

TWO WAYS OF GETTING A FOCUS.

FRIEND—"You are so dreadfully cross-eyed I don't see how you can shoot straight."

CROSS-EYED SPORTSMAN—"I fire both barrels at once."



NOT A WALKING-MATCH.

MR. GOODTHING (*indignantly*)—"See here, you rascal! You told me Tornado would win in a walk."

TOUT (*coolly*)—"An' so he would; but dis wuz a runnin'-race."

ALL RIGHT NOW.

NOW that your answer is propitious,
Say, darling, are you superstitious?
You're not? That makes my conscience clear;
For you're my thirteenth sweetheart, dear.

IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

Landlord—"Did they discover the identity of that petrified body which was found in the valley yesterday?"

New-Yorker—"I don't know; but I think it was a man from whom one of your waiters refused to take a tip."

MODEL OF NEATNESS.

"CLARA is a model of neatness, but sometimes she carries things to extremes."

"To what do you refer?"

"Why, she brushes the teeth of her sprocket-wheel every morning."

QUITE A DIFFERENCE.

Figg—"You don't mean to tell me you believe that story of Jonah and the big fish?"

Fogg—"Well, anyhow, it isn't as if Jonah claimed that the big fish got off his hook just as he yanked him to the surface."

COMING EVENTS SOMETIMES CAST A SHADOW BEHIND.

THE DUDE'S DEFINITION.

"I WONDER what they mean by 'the fwinge of society'?" said Gussie as he lit his forty-second cigarette.

"It must be those fellows that weah theah twousers fwayed at the bottom," said Reggy after a solemn pause.

And the other assembled members of the Simian club shivered at the bare mention of such a dweadful thing.

A SUICIDAL SUNSHADE.

BROTHER JACK—"Say, Effie, why in thunder do you wear that broad-brimmed 'sailor'? You know well enough we've got but two days here to acquire a whole season's tan."

A NATURAL LAMB.

"OH, DO look at that dear little lamb!" said Frances on seeing a young lamb for the first time in her life.

"Isn't it pretty?" asked mamma.

"Yes; and it is so natural too. It squeaks just like a toy-lamb, and has the same sort of wool on its back."

NEW EFFECT OF HEAT.

Doctor (who has just entered, to Pat, who is standing in front of grate)—"Why, Pat! get right back into bed. Just see what a perspiration you are in! This fire must be put out."

Pat—"Shure, sor, Oi wor in thot drippin' a shweat thot Oi'm shtandin' here t' be afther dryin' mesilf."

MRS. PULLET—"So', hef! Whad's de mattah wif yo'?"

HEF—"Git out!"

DEACON PULLET (*as Mrs. P. descends on his side of the barn*)—"Moses! heah cums a lost sperrit in a parachut'."

AN EXCITEMENT 'MUNGST DE PULLETS.

GREEN-APPLE PLAINT.

OH, THE woes of us poor grangers
At this season o' th' year,
When th' apple-trees are burthened
Wi' th' pesky boys raound here,
Is summat tuff tew contemplate.
They'll be th' death o' me,
Fer they've gone an' pizened Rover,
An' they're thinnin' ev'ry tree.

An' th' colic eppydemic hain't
Shown up at all this year—
Thar's allers suthin' happenin'
Us pore farmers fer tew queer.
It useter qua'm an' gripe them cubs
An' check their impish raid;
But naow, unless I lay fer 'em,
I swow! th' apples fade.

Spare th' rod ye'll spile th' child
Is a sayin' old an' true.
Yew bet I'll spile th' cub *I* ketch—
I'll whale 'im black an' bleue.
I'll lay low here an' watch my chance
By th' fence near th' old hen-house,
An' th' kid I nail 'll think this flail
A nest o' bees busted loose in his
blouse.

UNSUCCESSFUL.

"Dinnis, darlint, it's away Oi'd be puttin' it, or sellin' it Oi'd be. Divil a bit av a horn-player will yez iver make. Yez has bin a-blowin' an' a-blowin' in it fer t'ree days now an' sorra a chune hov Oi heard cum out av it yit."

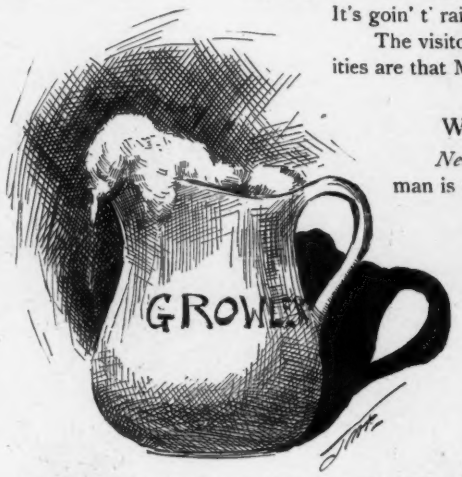
MRS. GILGAL'S NEW SERVANT.

MRS. GILGAL has a new servant, and a very loquacious one. The day after her installation, which was only a week ago, Mrs. Gilgal went out calling. While she was gone a friend rang the bell and asked for Mrs. Gilgal, whereupon the new maid spoke as follows:

"Shure, an' Mrs. Gilgal 's not in, bekase she wint out a whoile agone, an' she didn't say phwere she wor goin' nor how long she'd be away befoor she got back, an' so Oi can't say whither she'll be here soon or whither she won't be here soon. It's me opinion thot she didn't know hersilf phwin she wint out, fer av coorse she cudn't tell whither th' leddies she wor goin' t' see wud be out an' not in, or in an' not out; an' if they wor in she'd be longer than if they wor out, in which case she'd lave a keerd an' go an t' th' nixt house, d'ye moind. Oi've bin here since yisterd'y only, an' Oi don't know much about th' fam'ly yit; but Oi think Oi shall loike me place if Mrs. Gilgal doesn't git queer. Oi thought Oi deticted something crazy loike in her actions this marnin', an' Oi wondered t' mesilf, sez Oi, Oi do wonder if she isn't cracked a little in th' upper shtory? Mebbe yez know whither she wor iver in th' asoylum or not, or whither craziniss runs in th' fam'ly. No? Well, Oi thought yez moight, ye know. It's goin' t' rain, Oi'm thinkin'. Well, cum agin."

The visitor made her escape at this stage, and the probabilities are that Mrs. Gilgal will soon look for another servant.

WILLIAM HENRY SIVITER.



THE PITCHER THAT OUR NINE ALL HIT THE HARDEST.

WOMAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN.

New woman—"Simply because a woman marries a man is no reason why she should take his name."

Old bachelor—"That's so. The poor fellow ought to be allowed to keep something he could call his own."

AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

McLubberty (who has picked up part of a laundry-check)—"Phwat's this quare mark an this paice av paper?"

Officer O'Hoggarty—"A Choinase characther, Oi belave."

McLubberty—"Thot's a dum loi. Th' Choinase hov no characthers, begorra!"

GETTING OFF CHEAPLY.

MRS. COMMONSTOCK (*at the summer hotel*)—"They say the waiter at our table is a foreign nobleman."
MR. COMMONSTOCK (*excitedly*)—"Good! I'll offer him one of our daughters and a share in my business and escape tipping him."

Why did old Mama Nature put hair on the masculine upper lip? If she had put it upon the end of his nose the poor artist might have utilized a well-regulated mustache in the pursuit of his art.

If Mother Nature had created our summer-resort landlords with an hydrophobia horror for money she would have our everlasting blessing.

Why did the noble lady waste her favors on the animal family and d ve the hu

Did it ever occur to Mother Nature that a man sometimes has to scratch his own back?

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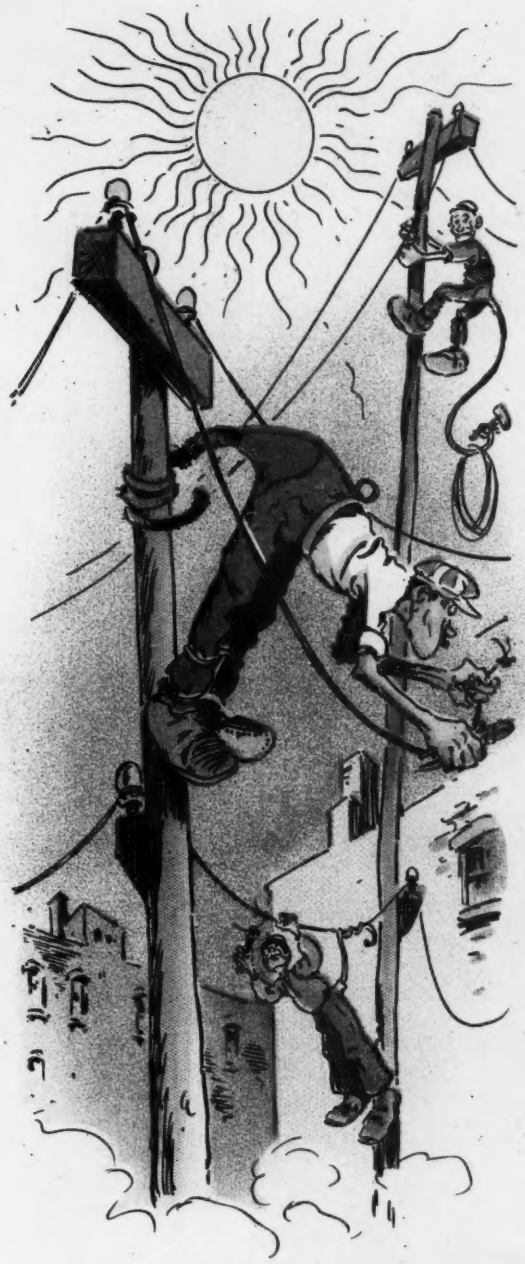
In fact, Mother Nature might have shown the bald-headed man a little consideration and given him fan-ears.

Mother Nature r kindly some folks which wo ave been

JUDGE SUGGESTS A FEW IMPROVEMEN

Mother Nature might have lightened the burdens of our poor, hump-shouldered spinach-pickers.

ily and d ve the human race of many of the necessary appendages?



If man generated from the monkey does it seem just and consistent in Mother Nature to deprive him of this most useful member?

Nature i r kindly mood might have moulded faces for which wo ave been in keeping with their dispositions.

The monkey-tail would prove an indispensable adjunct to our metropolitan police.

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho. & Pt'g Co. New York.

PROV MENTS TO MOTHER NATURE.

FROM JUDGE'S DICTIONARY.

GALLEON—A Spanish craft used in carrying gold to Europe which are as plentiful in the ocean as Captain Kidd's sand-bank deposits are on land—and as difficult to locate.

Æsthetics—A cult which maintains that beauty is the end of art, and which proves it by portraying the most unlovely lovelinesses. Also, the cultivation of immorality in art and literature.

Fire — Dat ish de vhay as how de Heebrew gomes t' be velt'y. He rises lieg de Vœnix oudt of his ashes, don'd it?

Dago—A naturalized rival of the Bostonese, with whom every word is a sentence; i. e., Nicybanan, Tenacessadoza.

Calculator (lightning)—An habitué of dime-museums who has the faculty of talking faster than his auditors can hear.

Allegiance—An arrangement by which citizens pay taxes, support politicians, and die on the battle-field for the privilege of being allowed to behave themselves.

EDWARD CLAYTON SAVAGE.

A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR.

WEARY WILLIE—"Dere, Frowsy; dere's true public spirit for yer. Dat man's a true public educator. I don't know who dat feller, Quicksands, is, but he's got de right idea uv t'ings an' ain't afraid to say so, an' if he wuz here I'd take off me hat to him."

Pantown, Kansas, July 29—Miss Priscilla Prunelle of this town, age one hundred and two years, makes a century run every morning before breakfast, after which she gives three rousing cheers for herself, milks seventeen cows, hoes in the garden and does a three weeks' washing.

Washington, D. C., July 27.—An unknown man mounted to the dome of the capitol, Tuesday, with his wheel, scorched from the top to the roof below, bounded from the roof to the steps, down the long flight of steps to the street, then on to Pennsylvania avenue and disappeared.

Cohoes, New York.—J. "Rubberneck" Wheeler, a local rider of considerable fame, raced with the fast mail that makes the run between this city and Hiprah, forty miles west, in thirty minutes. Wheeler arrived in Hiprah in time to take a bath and eat a three-course dinner before the train arrived.

Monroe, Wisconsin, July 30.—Miss Mary McCully of this town established a new bicycle record yesterday. She chewed sixteen pounds of gum on a run of fifteen miles between this place and Corncob's Corners.

Rocky Ridge, Colorado, August 2.—William Dumfule of Denver rode a wheel, on a wager, the other day, down one of the steepest cañons in the Rockies, a distance of three thousand feet. Your correspondent found one of his short-ribs hanging on a pine-tree. No further trace of him has been found.

Youngstown, Ohio, August 1.—It is reported here that little Henry Limberton of Cedar Valley, age one year and six months, took his mother, who weighs two hundred and three pounds, on a tandem yesterday, and made a thirty-eight-mile run in three hours and six minutes, most of the way up hill.

Hilltown, New Jersey, July 30.—Joshua Peevy, who has been blind since birth, was out riding yesterday on his wheel and was caught in a hard rain-storm ten miles west of here. The roads being impassable, he rode the entire ten miles on the telegraph-wire. He will be given a reception to-night by the local wheel club.

A FEW NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS CONCERNING THE BICYCLE.

VAN BIBBER CIGARETTES OR LITTLE CIGARS.
ALL IMPORTED TOBACCO.
HIGHEST IN PRICE
FINEST IN QUALITY.
25c. a Bundle, 10 in Bundle.
Trial Package in Pouch by mail for **25c**.
H. ELLIS & CO., Baltimore, Md.
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., Successor.

Greeable—"Is that your baby?" *Crawdon*—"No, sir; the possession is on the other side. He is not my baby; I'm his father."—*Boston Transcript.*

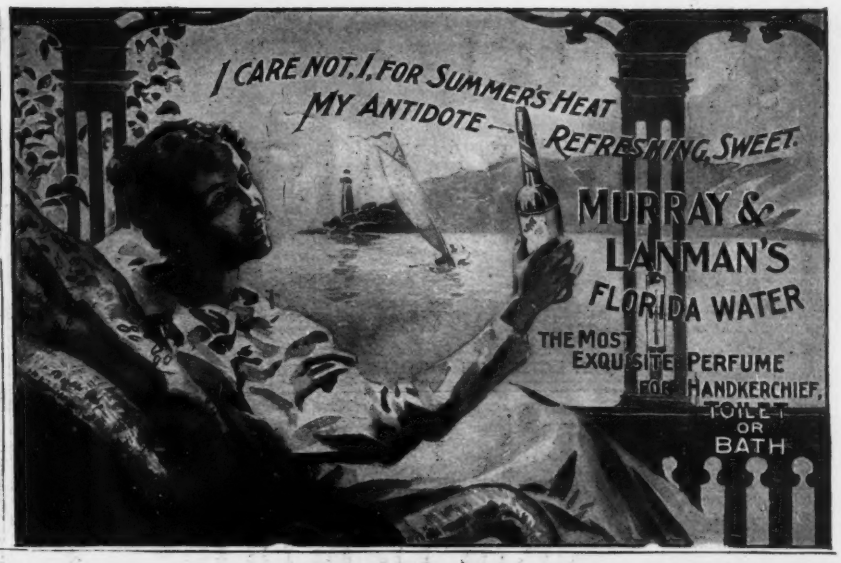
America makes the finest brand of champagne—*Cook's Imperial Extra Dry.* It is delicious, fruity and pure.

If there are to be eight weddings in this village in June it will be singular if we don't get a bit of cake from one or two of them.—*Dansville Express.*

The New York public knows that Dr. Siegert's is the only genuine Angostura Bitters. It is useless to offer an imitation.

It was necessary to go out of doors and push the wind into the house one day this week.—*West Union Gazette.*

The snap and tone you lack. Edge to appetite. Fuller joy to life. Abbott's Angostura Bitters gives these—and more. Must be the genuine.



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AND
THE RED KOLAFRA PYRAMID
THE LIGHT DRINK THAT QUENCHES THIRST.
SOLD BY GROCERS CAFES AND WHEREVER DRINKS ARE OBTAINABLE

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Veeder Cyclometer is on your Wheel. Dust Proof. Waterproof. Positively Accurate.
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Shows large, plain figures. At all Dealers. Beware of Imitations. Booklet free.
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After all, an echo is but a holler mockery.—You can never tell a man's weight by his sighs.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

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When a girl is sixteen she deserts her mother; but when she is twenty-six and has discovered that the flattery of sweethearts and friends is all dead ashes she goes back to her mother, and the two are firm friends until death separates them.—*Arkansaw Thomas Cat.*

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Changes Rat Trap to Rubber Pedals in ten seconds, without bolts or rivets. Sets of two mailed for 50c by ELASTIC TIP CO., 370 Atlantic Ave., Boston; 735 Market St., San Francisco; 115 Lake St., Chicago.
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SUMMER COLLAR
25¢
FACTORIES, TROY, N.Y.

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SOHMER
heads the list of the highest grade pianos. It is the favorite of the artists and the refined musical public.
SOHMER & CO.,
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$1.20 *per box of 1 gross. Assorted sample box of* 24 *pens for* 25 cts., *post free from all stationers, or wholesale of*
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"And what is to be the subject of your lecture tomorrow night, professor?"

"Well, my dear young lady, I can hardly hope it will have much interest for you. I shall lecture on 'sun-spots.'"

"Oh, but that's of the *greatest* interest to me. I shall certainly come. You've no idea how I suffer from freckles."

—*Punch.*

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MARIANI WINE—THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC—FOR BODY AND BRAIN.

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The history of mine discoveries in the West is full of strange and amusing incidents. Many of the most celebrated mines or ledges have been found by accident. Some of these accidental discoveries are laughable in the extreme. One of them occurred in connection with the discovery of one of the richest mines in the Cœur d'Alene country in Idaho. In this case a common donkey or jackass or "burro," as one chooses to term it, was credited with the finding of the mine.

The **NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY'S** finely illustrated tourist book, **WONDERLAND '97,** has a chapter on mining in the West, in which the incident alluded to is given. It shows how, from slight or trivial things, great results may flow. There are also articles on YELLOWSTONE PARK, ALASKA, CATTLE RAISING, etc. By sending SIX CENTS in postage-stamps to Charles S. Fee, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minnesota, any one can obtain a copy of this book. It is full of historical fact and descriptive narrative, and valuable as a school text-book.

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A beautiful miniature bicycle, complete in every part; 1 1-2 in. long; frame of sterling silver, and wheels of gold plate, which revolve like lightning as the wind blows against them; For caps or lapel; lady or gent; As a sample of our 3000 bargains, we mail it post-paid with catalogue for only 10 cents. 3 for 25c. 7 for 50c. 85c. doz.

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25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR 25 CTS.
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
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Set of 12 Portfolios, 16 full-page photos, each 13½ x 11, 192 pages in all, subject, "Beautiful Paris," edition cost $100,000, given *absolutely free*, with beautiful case, by Dobbins Soap Manufacturing Company, Philadelphia, Pa., to their customers. Write for particulars.

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MEN'S LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS
"ARE THE BEST"
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

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A 300,000 issue this year.

BARBER'S itch should be promptly attended to. See Dermatologist Woodbury, 127 W. 42d st., N. Y., inventor Facial Soap. Consultation free; fees moderate. Send 10 cents for Beauty Book and sample of either Woodbury's Facial Soap or Facial Cream.

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At last a man has invented a cannon with which to deliver the ball in a base-ball game. It will not be a success unless it can be loaded with grape-and-canister for the umpire.—*Rochester Herald.*

END VIEW

SIDE VIEW

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(*Trade Mark*)
PERFECT COLLAR BUTTON.

The demand for this useful article has become so universal that poor counterfeits have been put upon the market.

Every genuine Benedict Collar Button has the name "**Benedict**" and date of patent stamped upon it—"take no other."

"**Judge**" **indorses it as the best.**

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BROADWAY AND CORTLANDT STREET, NEW YORK.
Manufactured for the trade by
ENOS RICHARDSON & CO., 23 Maiden Lane, New York.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

"BARKER BRAND" COLLARS ARE THE BEST.
Linen Both Sides
Wm BARKER, Manufacturer. TROY, N.Y.

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For rooms and information apply to G. DE WITT, Manager. O. G. STAPLES, Owner and Proprietor.

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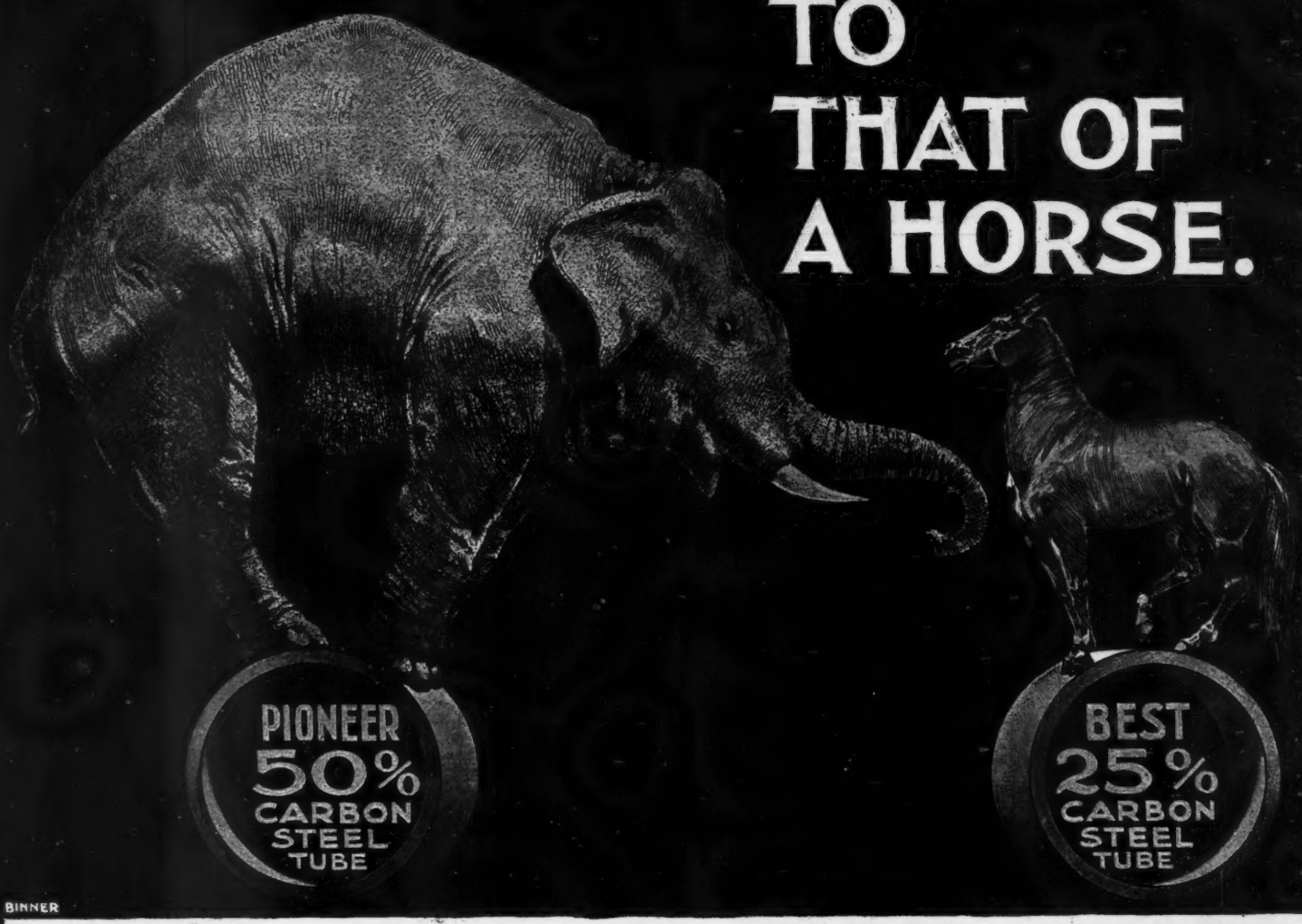
Fastest Trains in the World—On the NEW YORK CENTRAL.

THE STRENGTH OF AN ELEPHANT TO THAT OF A HORSE.



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THIS superiority does not obtain in any other tube. It is true only of the strongest brands of steel tube of special manipulation in the melting. *Moreover,* IN A RECIPE FOR TUBE MAKING the two most important instructions are:

1st. Select the right composition and brand of steel.

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2nd. Don't destroy that composition and spoil the steel making it into tube.

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Some of the Principal Causes of Decay,
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NEW YORK Proprietors LONDON

"Did you have any catastrophes when you moved?" "Catastrophes? Those men moved a piano that belonged to the house we left and I had to pay them for hauling it five miles and back."—*Chicago Record.*

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1897 Columbias $ 75.
1896 Columbias $ 60.
Hartfords $50, $45, $40, $30.
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Catalogue free from dealers or by mail for one 2 cent stamp.

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"Now that our engagement is broken I suppose we should return each other's letters." "Yes, I suppose so; and besides, George, why not return each other's kisses?"—*Yale Record.*

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ABSOLUTELY UNEQUALED

"HAS STOOD THE TEST FOR YEARS"

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Mr. Oldby—"I am a self-made man, sir. I began life as a barefoot boy." *Kennard*—"Well, I wasn't born with shoes on, either."—*Boston Guardian.*

She (as scorcher goes by)—"How hard that fellow was breathing!" *He* (who does not ride)—"Yes; like the exhaust of a donkey-engine."—*Princeton Tiger.*

The prospect for a large sale of paris-green this season is excellent. The beetles are about potato-patches in flocks watching for a potato-plant to show its head.—*Orleans American.*

"They say that Batch hasn't a dollar to his name." "That must be the reason he has never been able to get any woman to accept it."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Mr. Brooks backed the said horse for all but fifty-four cents. After the race was run and the track was being made ready for the next, a bay mare limped around the head of the stretch. A kind-hearted book-maker, looking up from his money-pile, said, "Why, Brooks, there comes your horse now." Brooks ambled out on the track and called the jockey. "Boy!" he cried; "I say, boy! What detained you?"—*Buffalo Enquirer.*

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If it isn't our make, it isn't a "Kodak."

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Correct Answers to JUDGE'S Second Series of Puzzle Pictures.

The following are the correct answers to the forty puzzles comprising JUDGE'S Prize Puzzles Series No. 2.

The names of those who have been successful in solving the puzzles and winning the prizes will be published in next week's JUDGE.

No. 1—Columbia	No. 21—Georgia
2—Dayton	22—Utah
3—Waverly	23—Kansas
4—Victor	24—Oregon
5—Monarch	25—Mississippi
6—Stearns	26—Maryland
7—Rambler	27—Tennessee
8—Crawford	28—Ohio
9—Windsor	29—Maine
10—Crescent	30—Rhode Island
11—America	31—Lincoln
12—Germany	32—Kilpatrick
13—Portugal	33—Perry
14—Russia	34—Custer
15—Hungary	35—Lee
16—Lapland	36—Steuben
17—Wales	37—Grant
18—Chili	38—Scott
19—Orange Free State	39—Washington
20—Cuba	40—Wayne

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HIGHEST MATERIAL
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TAUGHT BY MAIL
THOROUGH PRACTICAL

"Do you think," said the lady who was shopping, "that anybody would steal this umbrella if I were to leave it for a few minutes?" "Really, madam," replied the clerk, "I shouldn't like to venture an opinion without first examining the umbrella."—*Washington Star.*

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A SCIENTIFICALLY COMPOUNDED ARTICLE, MADE ONLY OF THE VERY CHOICEST MATERIALS, AND READY TO SERVE IN A MINUTES NOTICE; JUST THE THING FOR AN AFTERNOON-TEA, EVENING-PARTY, YACHT OR PICNIC. IT MAKES ENTERTAINING EASY.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS

PREPARED AND GUARANTEED BY
G. F. Heublein & Bro.
HARTFORD, NEW YORK, LONDON.

"Miss May, I have called to invite you to attend our class-day performance. I take part, you know." "Thank you, Mr. Beaseley; but I have another engagement." "Then the weather-man was right. He said 'Heavy frost to-night.' Good-evening, Miss Dinglebat."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

URBANA WINE COMPANY
Gold-Seal Champagne

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THIRD CONTEST.

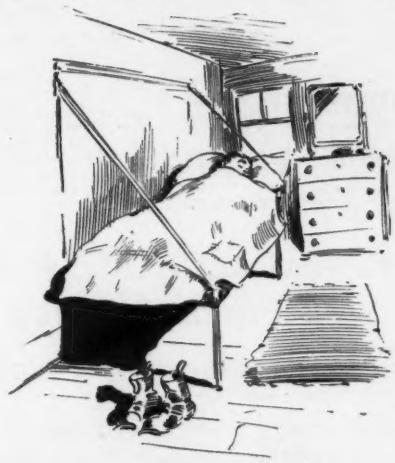
Judge's Picture Puzzles. $250. IN PRIZES.

Here are ten pictures. Each one represents the name of a well-known Man identified with Politics in the United States. We have **$250.** to give away to the first twenty and most successful of our readers who solve these ten illustrations and THIRTY (30) others, twenty of which were published in the last two weeks, and ten of which will appear in the next issue, as follows:

1st Prize	$100.00	6th Prize	$10.00	11th Prize	$5.00	16th Prize	$5.00
2d Prize	25.00	7th Prize	5.00	12th Prize	5.00	17th Prize	5.00
3d Prize	20.00	8th Prize	5.00	13th Prize	5.00	18th Prize	5.00
4th Prize	15.00	9th Prize	5.00	14th Prize	5.00	19th Prize	5.00
5th Prize	10.00	10th Prize	5.00	15th Prize	5.00	20th Prize	5.00

A total of $250.00 to be divided among 20 people.

21.....



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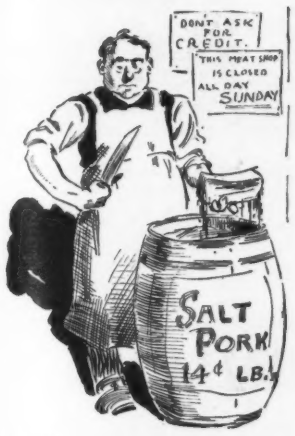

27.....

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READ THESE DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY.

Write the solution underneath each picture, cut out sheet (**holding it until the fourth and last series of puzzles is published in JUDGE No. 827**), and write your name and address plainly on the bottom thereof; **then mail all four sheets pinned together in the upper left-hand corner** to the "JUDGE PRIZE-PUZZLES DEPT., 110 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK," in time to reach this office not later than one week from date of JUDGE No. 827. All solutions arriving later will be disqualified.

You can send in as many answers as you please providing you use a separate JUDGE puzzle sheet each time—no more than one solution of each picture is allowed on any one sheet. It is not necessary to send a second set of solutions to the whole forty puzzles in order to change your answer to any one or more of the puzzles; in other words, if in your opinion one or more of the pictures will bear different constructions and you desire to submit each of these constructions as a part of your complete set of solutions, you can do so by using another sheet containing the particular picture or pictures in question. Thus sending two copies say of that sheet and one of each of the remaining sheets comprising the whole series, all pinned together in the upper left-hand corner, as required above.

Be sure that you fully prepay postage in sending in solutions.

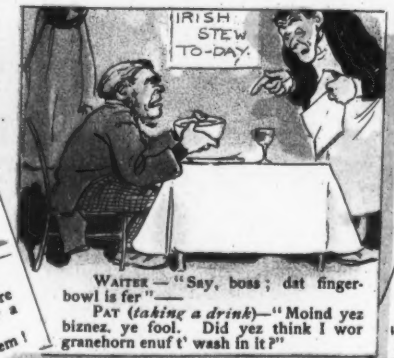
The date of *mailing* your answers and not that of our *receiving* them is considered in governing the question of priority. The post-office mailing or dating-stamp on the envelope determining this point.

PRESS OF FLESS & RIDGE PRINTING CO., FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

Judge

You all know that faithful old waiter with the piteous pleading and imploring hungry gaze.

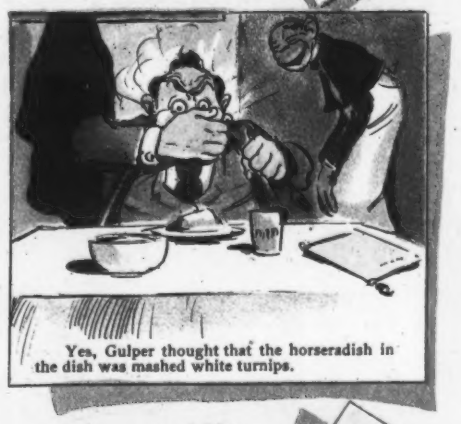
PATRON—"Looks as if we were going to have a little rain for a change."
WAITER TOUCH—"Yes—ahem! We need the change."



WAITER—"Say, boss; dat finger-bowl is fer"——
PAT (*taking a drink*)—"Moind yez biznez, ye fool. Did yez think I wor granehorn enuf t' wash in it?"

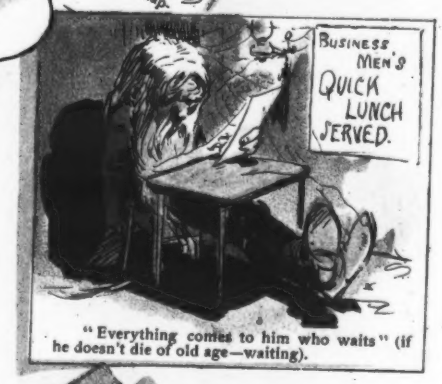
Being soaked with coffee wasn't the worst of it—they soaked him for it afterwards.

MIKE—"Waiter, bring me a napkin."
PAT (*just over*)—"Waither, ye may fetch me a plate av thim napkins too."



Yes, Gulper thought that the horseradish in the dish was mashed white turnips.

AUNT MARTHY (*apropos of head-waiter*)—"Say, Bildad; thet feller thet don't seem ter know nobody must be one o' them York dumb waiters we've heered tell on."



"Everything comes to him who waits" (if he doesn't die of old age—waiting).

It's very amusing to tuck the napkin in your pocket, thinking it your handkerchief (for the patrons and proprietor).

PATRON—"Whew! This egg ain't fresh."
PROPRIETOR—"I bought it from a fresh countryman. Hold yer nose, boss, a minit, till I git th' chloride of lime."

MRS. COHEN (*angrily*)—"Shakoop! Shakoop! Come in and bunish little Ikey. He's puttin' roach-powder in der celery casters."

OLD CHAP—"Bring me a toothpick, waiter."
WAITER—"Sorry, sah; but de manager done stop habin' 'em, sah, as de guests got ter carryin' one off wif dem, sah."

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WAITERS AND WAITERS.